

J. C. Sherer

THE GLENDALE NEWS.

Devoted to the best interests of Glendale, Tropic, Eagle Rock and Verdugo.

VOL. I.

GLENDALE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL., FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1905.

NO. 13.

OUR HOME PRODUCT

Glendale Berries Equal to Those Grown Elsewhere. In Fact, the Entire Valley Adapted to Berry Culture.

While Tropic has a larger acreage in strawberries, they do not excel those grown in Glendale, which are also handled by the Glendale and Tropic Berry Growers' Association. There is something in the quality of the soils of these slopes, from the mountains to the Los Angeles river, which brings the Brandywine strawberry to a perfection of size, taste and keeping quality that is, perhaps, reached nowhere else, and causes berries from this section to bring one or two cents a basket higher price in the Los Angeles market than those from other sections, and causes them to be eagerly sought by the canneries, when others are rejected.

Mr. Leavitt came to Glendale in September, 1901, attracted by

direction in which to turn his energies. But the only water supply at that time was three shares to the acre (a share representing 1.10,000 of the total natural flow from Verdugo canyon).

The thirty-three shares he had for a little more than ten acres, was just about enough to properly irrigate one acre for such intensive farming as he proposed to enter upon. He reasoned, that if one acre, properly watered, was worth what he had paid for ten, a well supplying abundance of water would many times increase the value of the property, and so he determined to develop water. After several trying experiences, and at considerable cost, he has now a well and machinery with a



"WHISPERING PINES." HOME OF EDGAR LEAVITT.

the beauty of the location and the salubrity of the climate, and a desire to get back to earth once more after years spent in other labors, which had left him in a physical and mental condition needing once more Mother Nature's healing touch. He was moved, also, by considerations of Mrs. Leavitt's health. It is truth to say that, in these respects, his location here has been fully justified. His fancy was attracted to the noble pine trees on "The Capt. Ford Place," corner of Glendale avenue and First street, to which, after his purchase of it, he gave the name of "The Whispering Pines," and then looked about to see in what way he could make it most remunerative. He found about two acres set in strawberries, and interviews with Mr. Witham and Mr. G. W. Ald convinced him that this was the

maximum capacity of 15 miners' inches, but which regularly supplies a refreshing stream of soft, pure water to the amount of from 10 to 12 inches, which shows no diminution whatever from constant pumping, and is amply sufficient for all his land, and by the addition of a reservoir, so as to store water above ground for use at any time, would enable a much larger area to be irrigated.

Mr. Leavitt has also completely flumed his land, which has a regular, gentle southwest slope, so that every inch of it may be readily reached by the water, and has so connected his system of fluming with the main pipe of the Independent Water Company, which has since been formed, that in case he is compelled to shut down for repairs will have an abundant supply to fall back upon.

He has also increased his strawberry "patch" to between six and seven acres, and finds them quite profitable. He is fully convinced that, if proper attention be paid to the selection of vigorous plants, and they be given proper attention, and the market not broken by over-production, nothing thus far tried in this section will give so satisfactory returns per acre as the strawberry. His land is situated in what is practically the



STRAWBERRY FIELD OF MR. LEAVITT.

frostless section, so that his cropping season lasts all the year round.

From April, 1903, to January, 1905, he did not miss sending strawberries to the Los Angeles market a single week, and during the past winter missed but three weeks, and but two of these consecutively. The bulk of the crop, however, as elsewhere in this valley, is from the middle of April to the middle of September.

On his place Mr. Leavitt has about 50 trees each of navel oranges and Eureka lemons, the latter being the most delicate of the citrus family, but not even its most tender shoots have been frost-touched during the coldest weather.

Besides these and his strawberries, he has a variety of fruits for varieties sake—apples, pears, peaches, apricots, Burbank plums, Satsuma plums, French Tragedy prunes, figs, blackberries, dewberries, loquats, guaves, etc.

He finds he is able to raise sweet corn, melons, cucumbers, and other varieties of vegetables if the land is kept properly stirred, without irrigation. He also raises sweet potatoes of the finest quality, rhubarb, etc., for home use, his main effort being the production of strawberries.

Altogether, there is not a cooler, more refreshing, restful spot than beneath "The Whispering Pines."

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A BIG CROWD

Turned Out on Friday Evening Last to Enjoy the Musicales at I. O. O. F. Hall For the Benefit of the M. E. Church.

To say that the musicale given at the I. O. O. F. Hall for the benefit of the M. E. church, on the evening of July 14, was a success, would be but a mild way of expressing the delight of those who were so fortunate as to hear

Mr. Weidenfeller's grand machine. The interest of the audience was manifested by its close attention and frequent applause. It was through the kindly spirit of Mr. Weidenfeller that the entertainment was given for this worthy cause. The house was filled, and quite a neat sum was realized and all who attended went away happy and voted C. A. Weidenfeller a jolly good fellow and the prince of entertainers.

The music played by the Victor Graphophone will certainly advertise the Geo. J. Birkel Co. as a house that carries a high class line of musical instruments. It is to be hoped that there may be more entertainments of this character in Glendale, as the young people of this community feel that they need to spend an occasional evening where they can be entertained in a profitable way.

AN HONEST REMEMBRANCE

That Stands For the Town's Good, and is Reproduced Below.

The following is from the Middletown, Mo., "Chips," a paper published at the old home town in Missouri, and one of the cleanest little papers in the country:

E. M. (Marvin) McClure, an old Middletown boy, is one of the proprietors of the Glendale, Cal., "News," a new paper just started at that place, near Los Angeles. The paper wears no party collar, but stands for its town's good. "Chips" wishes Marvin abundant success in his newspaper business.

The Glendale News.

Published every Friday by
E. M. MCCLURE. F. J. BOUGHTON.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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GLENDALÉ, Cal., Friday, July 21, '05.

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OUR FLAG.

When Congress appointed General Washington and Robert Morris to design the flag of our nation, they made a pencil drawing of their plan and took it to Betsy Ross, to have a flag made like it. Betsy was proud of the honor conferred on her, and determined to make the flag so well they would deem the honor well deserved. She noticed that the stars on Gen. Washington's sketch had six points.

"It seems to me," she said, "that the stars in the sky look as though they had five points, and I'm sure five look better and are different from the six-pointed stars of other flags."

"Yes said Gen. Washington, 'but it is almost impossible to cut a five-pointed star so that it will

Mrs. Ross then took a piece of paper and folded it, and with a clip of her scissor cut out a star of five points that was perfect. Washington was pleased with it, and told her to make all the stars five-pointed.

When Betsy Ross' flag was presented to Congress it was accepted at once, and a contract made with the maker to supply all the flags for our army and navy. So Betsy Ross was called the "Mother of the Flag."

Years afterward, the first flag she made floated from the flag-staff of the American frigate, St. Lawrence. The officers on the boat, "shore leave," went to hear the famous singer Jenny Lind, sing at Castle Garden, in New York. The next day the officers called on her in a body, to express their appreciation of her wonderful voice. She received them, and was pleased at the tribute of their homage, and also accepted the invitation to luncheon on board the frigate. There were several among the officers and their guests that were fair singers, and "Swanee River," and other popular ballads were rendered to the accompaniment of guitars.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Jenny Lind with enthusiasm, clapping her hands. When she was leaving, she paused on the steps of the gangway, and looking up at the stars and stripes floating overhead, she said, "I wish to salute your flag." Uncovering her head and holding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." As she sang the first verse every officer and every man came silently on deck. When she had sung the song to the end, deafening cheers rang out from the "St. Lawrence," and were taken up by every ship nearby, for all had been listening. The steamers blew their whistles, and every man within reach of that matchless voice knew that he had heard one of the most inspiring songs in the world, sung as he would probably never hear it sung again.

SOME of the best business men of Los Angeles can be noticed out this way, frequently. And besides, they all have a good word to say for Glendale and the country adjacent thereto. They could not very well say otherwise.

Don't neglect the garden during the summer months, when the bushes and vines are all covered with fragrant blossoms. There is a disposition among home gardeners to regard their work as finished, and to rest on their laurels, as it were. This is especially the case where one has other duties to perform, when an easy chair on a shady porch or a hammock swung between trees of luxuriant foliage is much more inviting than the watering pots or the rake and hoe. There is a tendency to neglect the flower garden, to let it take care of itself, and neglect now is more fatal and costly than perhaps at any other period of the gardening season. Just a little neglect now means destruction to some of the beautiful plants that cost time and money.

Much complaint is heard in regard to the tree limbs of our shade trees interfering with the hats of pedestrians who walk along our streets. Each owner should see to it that the trees in front of his or her property are kept in good trim. There is nothing more annoying than to have one's hat or hair caught as they are passing along the street, and the property owners of Glendale can't afford to have it go out to the general public that they are negligent in so important a matter. Let everyone get to work and trim up their trees, and, while they are at it, it would be well to cut out all weeds bordering on the sidewalks. A great many people are daily inquiring after Glendale property, and when the crowd arrives this fall, this town should be prepared to entertain the stranger and to present a clean front, in the way of good streets, nicely painted houses, well kept yards, etc. Every community that has made progress has first attended to its general cleanliness. Our citizens should attend to this matter at once. You cannot afford to longer delay.

THIS valley has been kept back long enough by the fake bugaboo of the "water question." From experiments that have been made it is known that an immense basin or lake of water lies underneath the whole valley. This is known from the fact that water is never lowered below a certain depth, no matter how much there may be pumped. The contention that the water used by the rancher is the water that feeds the Los Angeles river is absurd, and no one knows this better than the parties who are making the contention. It is to be hoped that these facts may be brought out in the coming suit, which is called for September next, and that the water question will be settled, and settled right. Los Angeles is not gaining anything by keeping this matter before the public, for the eastern railroads, and those roads running to the northwest, are making much capital out of the situation by advertising to the home-seeker that they will be confronted with a water famine should they come to Southern California. It is true that this section of the state has many visitors, but what we of Southern California want are more people to come here and make their homes in this glorious Southland. The San Fernando Valley has been kept back all too long, and this matter must be settled and settled right, and that soon.

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KOSSUTH'S LETTER.

A few weeks ago a Hungarian, in obedience to royal summons, presented himself before the emperor and submitted his views on state affairs. What makes the episode an interesting one is the fact that this same man was, as a child, imprisoned because his father held the very principles he is now advocating. He is the son of the patriot Kossuth, who worked, fought and was exiled for his country's liberty. The Kossuth of to-day, who is the president of the independence party, does not adhere to the extreme principles of his father, but he strongly urges an economic separation from Austria. Louis Kossuth's rebellion brought his leader great suffering and much glory. A life of the patriot, published in 1851, gives some interesting experiences which befell him and his family.

When Kossuth was banished and his children imprisoned, a proclamation was issued against Madam Kossuth stating that whoever harbored her should be considered under martial law. The poor woman wandered about in various disguises, frequently passing whole days without food. At last the proscription was removed and she was allowed to join her children, who were released, but still kept under the eyes of the police. Then the people showed their love of the leader, and flocked to give help to his family. Shoemakers made shoes and tailors made clothes, and would take no pay. Peasants so poor that they had no offering but a couple of eggs brought them to the wife of their hero. "He will come again to us," they said. "He never left his children. We shall have our Kossuth again."

In the meantime the exile was in sore straits. One day, before a group of followers, he remarked that he had written a letter to Palmerston, but that he was too poor to pay a courier to take it to England. An Englishman who had left his country to aid Hungary said:

"I will take it."

"But I have no claim on you," returned Kossuth.

"You have a claim on every Englishman."

"It must reach its destination in ten days."

"I pledge my word for it," assured Casement.

At the end of the first day's journey Casement found himself back at his starting point. He saw that he was tricked and watched, but demanding free road in the name of the English government he managed to make his way out of the country. In ten days the letter was in Palmerston's hands, and nothing more was heard of the bearer.

Not long after Kossuth made his famous journey to America, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. As his train was drawing out of the Hartford station, after one of his burning speeches, a man rushed through the crowd and thrust a book into Kossuth's hands, through the open car window. The book was a history of Hungary, and in it was a note:

This is from the person who carried your letter to Palmerston in ten days.

—R. CASEMENT.

"Oh, if I could have just clasped his hand and thanked him!" exclaimed Kossuth.

The State He Meant.

Cumback—After all, the number of hours a man works is determined by the state.

Rubber—No, it isn't! Didn't you see that Supreme Court decision?

Cumback—Won't you wait till I complete my remark? I was going to say that the number of hours a man worked was determined by the state of his finances and his ambition.

Whyness of the Which.

"A good woman," said the orator, "is like pure gold."

"That's right," interrupted a married man in the rear of the hall. "Money talks."

WASHDAY FOR THE NATION.

Zeal Displayed in Cleansing Soiled Business and Moral Manners.

This is an extremely interesting period into which circumstances have plunged the country, says a writer in the New Haven Register. Everybody appears to be more or less engaged in the business of washing soiled and dirty linen. The public back yards are filled to overflowing with be-spattered garments and upon the surrounding fences are to be seen hundreds who are watching the exhibition and the industry of those who are trying to make the dirty things clean again.

The trouble is that there is so much going on in this way that only the lucky few, in their way of genius, are able to follow the thread. We have the church, on the one hand, divided in its view of the propriety of accepting tainted money for the Lord's service, and, on the other hand, the great captains of industry explain away transactions unworthy a common fakir. In addition everybody is discussing both, and dividing among themselves as to what is right and what is wrong. Few are inclined to go to the fifth chapter of James' Epistle.

It is pleasant in this connection to see those who somehow cannot see the fracture even of the moral law, to turn to Dr. Washington Glavin of Ohio, who has no illusions as to his outlook. He had the courage to include this in a sermon he preached on a recent Sunday, when some of his brethren were busy explaining the theory that a dollar is a dollar all that. "The Christian of to-day," he said, "is beginning to get a new idea of what it means to carry his religion into his business; he has found out that it signifies an earnest effort to make his business not only a means of gain but an instrument of help and service to all his fellowmen."

Andrew Carnegie said some years ago that a man may be as selfish as he pleases; in the accumulation of a fortune if he will only be benevolent in the distribution of the fortune after it is made. That is not the best of the business man's responsibility. His greatest opportunities of benevolence are those which come to him in his business. It is while it is making his fortune, not after it is made, that he must prove himself a Christian.

It is odd, isn't it, that everybody should all at once fall to explaining and apologizing? There is nothing new in what is being said, nor is there anything new in the penalties which are being meted out for offenses committed. The story is as old as the hills and yet after nearly 2,000 years of "civilization" we find the church full of quarrelling clergymen and the marts crowded to suffocation with laymen, business men, accusing each other of things the Indians never dreamed of doing to each other. If anybody is sufficiently out of the muck to see where the movement is which is to come and bring with it a moral awakening, he should get behind it and give it a push. It is due.

As Compared.

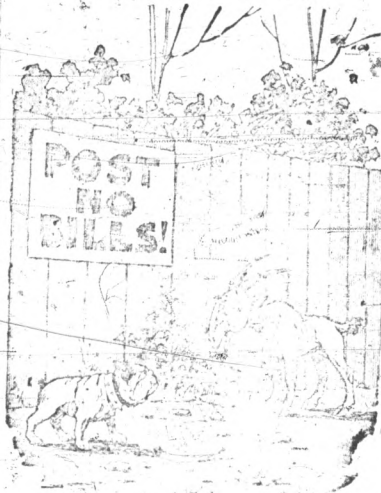


Guest (in-restaurant)—Here, boy!

Waiter—Excuse me, sir, but I'm no boy.

Guest—Well, you come as near being a boy as this mutton comes to being the spring lamb I ordered.

Training Injunction.



The Court Says—where can I get something to eat?

The Doctor—If it wasn't against the law I'd tell you.

The Court—As for the law?

The Doctor—Yes, Chief, you read that sign on the fence—Chimpanzee Enquirer.

Preferred Some Other Treatment.



Mrs. Scolder—Going to leave? Haven't I treated you like one of the family?

Maid—Yes, and I have stood it just as long as I possibly can.—Chicago News.

Not What He Meant to Say.



"This is my Aunt Sarah. Folks say I look like she did at my age."

"Yes, but she'll never look like you at your age."—Omaha Bee.

No Recovery.

"Sir," he began, after climbing four flights of stairs to the lawyer's office. "I called here one day during the panic of 1893."

"Yes, I think you did," was the reply.

"At that time you could not spare me 10 cents, but you said that in the course of ten or twelve years you hoped to make a financial recovery and be on your feet again. The ten or twelve years have elapsed. May I hope that the recovery has taken place?"

"Sorry to say that it hasn't. In fact, I am even more hard up than before. No, there has been no recovery."

"And how about the future?"

"Why, it's hard to tell, but if you happen around this way ten years from now drop in and see me. There might be something doing then."

"All right, sir—all right," said the caller, as he took out an old envelope and the stub of a pencil. "I'll jot it down here that I'm to call about the year 1915, and if you can make a raise of 10 cents I get it. Good-afternoon, sir. Rather une weather we've been having."

If you have a skeleton in your closet make no bones of it.

IN PLAYING OF SEVEN UP.

Court Takes Judicial Notice of the Fine Points in the Game.

Senator Gray of Georgia is looked upon as one of the best raconteurs in the upper house of Congress. In negro dialect stories he is inimitable. This is a sample:

When David Irwin was holding court in the Ga. a negro was brought in, smashing the nose of a white man. While the two were engaged in a supposedly friendly game of seven-up, there were a dozen witnesses present, and there was no proof whatever. But that the prisoner had already leaped over the table and smashed the nose of the man opposite, nearly knocking that organ out of its socket.

The lawyer was convicted of assault and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary. The man had in the past a good reputation and had known him for years, and the judge was not for his first offenders. So he asked the lawyer when the case came before him to review why he had acted in that manner.

"You must have some reason," he said, "to let me all about it, just let me hear it."

"Well, I had some reason, judge; 'deed, I had. The negro started out, 'Jed, did you ever play seven-up?'

The state's attorney of justice declined to answer the question, "Whether I play seven-up or not has nothing to do with the case," he said.

"But 'deed, I had it; it hab heaps to do with it," the negro insisted, "for less'n you can say seven-up you can't understand how this yere happened. You see, judge, me and that nigger ober dar was playin' and I dole the kards and I turn up de nine-spot ob spades, and I hab in my han' the jack and the ten and the deuce. He beg and I gub de deuce an' den what you think dat nigger ober dar done? He lead de ace ob spades an' I put on my deuce. Den what you think dat nigger ober dar done? He lead de king ob spades and I give him a hard look, but I put on my ten. Den what you think dat nigger ober dar done? He lead de queen ob spades, I put on my jack, and den I just lean ober an' smash he's nose clean offen he's face."

When order was restored the judge solemnly revoked the previous sentence. "I think that if the defendant pays \$1," he said, "all the requirements of justice which the sovereign State of Georgia demands will be bountifully satisfied."—Courier Journal.

Why She Wept.

"But, my dear," protests the young husband, "you have paid \$50 for this Easter bonnet, when I asked you not to exceed \$25."

"Yes, love," she explains; "but don't you see, the \$50 one was marked down from \$72, and the \$25 ones were only marked down from \$30. I saved \$10 instead of only \$5. You—you ought to commend me instead of—boo-hoo!—of—of scolding me."—Judge.

The Fallen Promoter.

The Eulogist—Yes, he was a wonderful fellow. He could look right through you.

The Victim—Well, I notice he never looked any deeper than my pocket book.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a little village lived a lawyer famous for drawing up wills, in which branch of his profession he had long enjoyed a monopoly of the business of the county. On the death of a certain respected neighbor there was much speculation as to the value of the property, and the village gossip undertook to find out the facts. "I suppose you made Blank's will?" he said bluntly to the lawyer. "Yes," "Then you prubly know how much he left. Would you mind telling me?" "Not at all," answered the lawyer deliberately. "He left everything he had!"

Some men are too lazy to make other enemies or friends.

ALL RECORDS SURPASSED

Carrying Lines Get 12 Per Cent. More Money Than Do Producers

Los Angeles.—As their charges for hauling the citrus fruit crop of Southern California to the eastern markets, the railroads received this season to date an amount in excess of \$8,703,765. The growers have received \$7,253,137.50. The sum paid out for picking, packing and packing materials and selling exceeds \$3,432,885.75.

These figures, prepared from interviews with railroad officials and shippers and from official reports, amply sustain the claims made for Southern California as being the largest citrus fruit growing district in the world.

All records of previous years have been broken and the prospects for the coming season are for a more abundant crop than that of any other preceding year.

Conservative estimates for the citrus fruit year, which ends November 2, 1905, places the yield at 20,000 cars, or 1,100 cars in excess of last year's bumper crop.

Up until Thursday night 27,631 cars left Southern California for the eastern markets. This represents a grand total of 9,670,850 boxes.

The citrus fruit year commences and ends November 2. The following figures are for the past three years: 1902, 17,377 cars; 1903, 22,300 cars; 1904, 27,800 cars; 1905 (to July 14), 27,361 cars.

Railroads Grateful.

The railroads feel that they have cause to be grateful to nature and the grower. The sum of \$8,703,765, which they have thus far received is based on the average cost of ninety cents a box for freight and does not include icing charges of twenty cents a box. All the figures quoted are placed upon the lowest possible basis. For instance, the icing in figuring the freight charges at ninety cents, is rated at two cents a box, but the icing commences in April, when 40 per cent. of the crop still remains to go forward.

In figuring \$7,253,137.50 as the returns to the growers an average price of seventy-five cents a box is used. One company handling 55 per cent. of the crop states that the prices it has received will average slightly over that amount.

For the transportation of the fruit, the railroads have received an amount of \$1,450,027.50 over that paid the growers. In other words the producer gets about 12 per cent. less than the carrier, not considering the icing charges, which on the 40 per cent. of the crop at twenty cents a box amounts to a considerable sum.

This is one of the reasons why the large shippers have been waging a war for lower price freight charges and are threatening to do their own icing.

Predictions Overthrown

At the opening of the season, growers and shippers united in a prediction that this season's crop would not be more than 8 per cent. of that of last year. It will exceed last year's figures by fully 6 per cent. This is due to two causes, first a slightly increased acreage and second the fact that many thousands of trees are just attaining the bearing age.

"The number of trees coming into fruitage is as large as we can expect it to be in the history of the citrus fruit growing in Southern California," said one of the foremost shippers Thursday. "Five years ago, with high prices prevailing, planting of large acreage followed. Then came the years of small returns and the planting fell off. The crop of this year is in great part due to the trees planted in 1900. It is too early as yet to give a prediction for the coming season, but there will be all the fruit we can dispose of."

Cuba to be Gridironed by Electric Railways.

New York.—The Havana Central Railway company has awarded to a prominent electrical company contracts for the construction and equipment in Cuba of the largest electric railway system ever initiated by American interests outside of the United States.

The company is to build and operate a net work of interurban lines, radiating from the city of Havana and covering an extensive territory in the interior of the island which has hitherto been without transportation facilities. About 125 miles will be constructed at first, involving an expenditure of nearly \$5,000,000.

The road, besides its passenger traffic, will inaugurate a freight service.

The power house to be constructed in Havana will generate 7,500 horse power of electric energy at 19,000 volts.

Steam turbines will be used, this being the first instance of such equipment being called for in the West Indies. The entire system is expected to be in operation within fifteen months.

Parasite Kills Off the Moths.

San Francisco.—The colony of codling moth parasites that was imported from Europe and set free in apple orchards in the Pajaro Valley has been working industriously and successfully and there is rejoicing among orchardists now that they feel assured the arch enemy of their crops will at least be overcome.

Deputy Horticultural Commissioner E. M. Ehrhorn returned from a visit to the Pajaro Valley, where he went to investigate the newly discovered parasite, which has been the center of a great deal of interest. Various sections were visited and it was found that the parasite had been busily at work destroying the pest. The Deputy Commissioner expresses his confidence that the parasite will become firmly established in that section, which will ultimately work the complete destruction of the pest.

For years the growers have been compelled to spray their trees from three to eight times a year to get any kind of a crop. State Commissioner Elwood Cooper sent George Compere on a quest after the natural enemy of the destructive moth, with the result that the parasite was found and imported and last season colonies were placed in every apple producing county in the state.

Big Contract Secured by San Francisco Firm.

Portland.—A San Francisco firm was awarded the contract for constructing the Oregon Pacific connection between Riparian and Lewiston. The work will be started immediately and according to the terms of the contract, the line is to be in shape for operation by April 1, 1906. The estimated cost is between \$1,700,000 and \$2,000,000.

Too Little Reading.

But according to our observation there is vastly too little reading done, rather than too much; and we think it fortunate that President Roosevelt's example has been set forth as an illustration of what can be accomplished in the most occupied of lives, to broaden the intellectual outlook. His example will serve everywhere as a stimulus. And the slow reader should not be discouraged, but encouraged rather; for if he really has the "disposition" to read, the year's end, under whatever difficulties, will give him, also, a list of readings accomplished which will shame the indifferent and vastly increase his own intellectual wealth. Reading for the relief of troubled thoughts, as a mere sedative, is immeasurably valuable, as many an overwrought brain has found; and so is reading for the highest forms of pleasure, for healthy enjoyment as well as for desired information, for new outlooks, for the broadening of sympathies and the correction of narrow views, for culture—above all, for inspiration.—Editorial in Century.

In a recent case in a Paris court it was stated that the defendant, a young officer of cavalry, had spent \$400,000 in five months.

No Time Left.

"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street car passenger who looked like a farmer.

"Dunno," was the brief reply. "Good deal of snow out in the country?"

"Mebbe."

"Price of hay gone up any?"

"Can't say."

"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"

"Yes, I'm a farmer; but this winter I've been courtin' a widder woman wuth \$8,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."—Chicago News.

Another One for Pa.

"Pa," queried little Johnny Bumpkin, "have guns got legs?"

"Certainly not, my son," replied the old man.

"Then why do they have breeches, pa?" asked the youthful inquisitor.

Hard to Forget.

Mrs. Snooks—Do you notice Mrs. Newrich always says "hello" instead of "how do you do?" when one meets her?

Mrs. Brooks—Yes; she used to be a telephone girl and can't get over the habit.—Detroit Free Press.

His Preference.

Wife—Which of these photographs of mamma do you like best, dear?

Husband—Let me see. Why—er—I think I prefer this small one.

Wife—Do you think it is a better likeness?

Husband—Oh, no; but it shows he dressed in a traveling costume.

It Is Backing.

Myer—Windig told me to-day that he expected to engage in a new business soon. He said he had \$50,000 back of him.

Gyer—Yes, I saw you talking together. Windig was leaning against a bank at the time.

Strictly Up to Date.

"I suppose your new house is strictly up to date?" remarked the hostess to an afternoon caller.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "It has got all the modern accommodations, even to eccentric lights, rheumatic tubes and a porcelain bathtub."

Anvil Duet.

Gladys—If she thinks her young man is such a paragon of perfection, why does she watch him so closely?

Esmeralda—She is afraid he is too good to be true.

Why They Came Late.

Husband (in hat and overcoat)—Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet?

Wife—It's all fixed except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour.

What is the cheapest feature of the face? Ans.—Nostrils, two for a cent (cent).

ARMY LED BY TELEPHONE.

Oyama Uses Up-to-Date Methods in Handling His 400,000 Men.

Among many things which the Japanese have done during the war which they are now waging and which have attracted the attention of the world, their use of the telephone is one, says the Electrical Review. As each advance was made or a trench was dug connections were made with headquarters by telephone. Thus not only was all important information transmitted immediately to the commander, but fighting was directed from the later point by the same means.

The commander was able to direct the fire of the guns and to order advances when the proper time arrived. The telephone in this service has taken the place of the courier and does the work better and more quickly. By its ability to communicate instantly with many and widely separated points not only are the army's operations directed more effectively, but one commander is able to control a larger force than was possible under the old system.

Could Field Marshal Oyama have directed the operations of 400,000 men and have timed his strokes so exactly had he been forced to depend upon orders carried by horse? How could he miles long? Without the telephone the operations would have been carried on by a number of generals, each acting according to a certain plan, but depending largely upon his own judgment for what to do and when to do it.

That the fight would have been carried on as bravely none can doubt, but the telephone co-ordinated the actions of each division and reduced the armies to one vast machine. Nothing was left to chance; every stroke was correctly timed, and the commander-in-chief was at once informed of its result. Even the flying columns were followed by the engineering corps and the result of every skirmish and the taking of every village were known within a short time at headquarters.

Not the Kind.

"I had an uncle die up in Vermont last week," said the Boston man, "and, though there is nothing so very queer about an uncle dying, this relative of mine didn't have a fair show."

"As how?" was asked.

"Well, when he was 20 years old a tin peddler advised him to always carry snuff around in his pocket to throw into a mad dog's eyes, in case he met one. He carried that snuff for forty years and never used it."

"Well?"

"One day, after he had carried it for thirty years, he was crossing a field and an old bull got after him and gave him a toss. When he came limping into the house and told us about it I said:

"Why didn't you throw snuff in his eyes, Uncle Jerry?"

"Why, that peddler told me to use the snuff on dogs, and that if ever a bull got after me I was to use ground cinnamon. I hadn't any of the blamed stuff with me!"

The One Thing Needed.

Lady Customer—This cook book appears to be all right, with one exception.

Bookseller—What is that, madam?

Lady Customer—It has no pictures in it.

Bookseller—Of course not. One seldom sees an illustrated cook book.

Lady Customer—But what's the use of telling us how to serve a dinner without plates?

Passing of an Opportunity.

"What is it a sign of when one's lip itches?" said the pretty girl, as she lowered the blinds and sat down in the corner of a sofa built for two?

"I presume," replied the dense young man, as he folded his arms and tried to look wise, "that it indicates cutaneous irritation."

With a look of disgust upon her face, the maid arose, and going over to the piano, struck up that good old hymn, entitled: "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back."

Don't forget that while you are making love to a face you will live with a mind.

HOME-MADE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

As soon as he got into the house Mr. Shaw asked his wife's whereabouts, and when he was told she had gone to a tea he started in to look for some valuable papers he had given into her keeping. He particularly wanted to see the insurance policy on his furniture, and the Philadelphia Record says he hunted the house over, but in vain.

"There!" he fumed. "I might have known! It serves me right for giving a woman valuable papers to care for, but it is the very last time I'll ever do it. I've learned my lesson."

By the time his wife returned Mr. Shaw was calmer, and although still perturbed, he succeeded in telling his trouble without insinuations or recriminations.

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Shaw, looking with disgust at her very much disturbed desk. "Why have you never asked me where I kept it?" And going to a picture hanging on the wall, she pulled the policy from behind it. "There!" she said, holding it out for his better view.

"And now," said Mr. Shaw, after he had recovered from his surprise, "where are those shares in the Valley Railroad and Timber Development Company?"

"Do you want to look at them?" "I want to know where they are." "They're perfectly safe," said Mrs. Shaw, with ironic reassurance. "They're in the closet under the stairs, behind the grape juice."

"And the deed of the house?" gasped Mr. Shaw.

"That's upstairs in the guest-room closet, packed away under your summer suit."

By diligent cross-examination Mr. Shaw learned the location of numerous other documents of value. They were scattered from cellar to roof.

"Amelia," he said, in bewilderment, "are you crazy?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Shaw, with some resentment. "But I don't mean that any robber shall ever come into this house and clean us out in a one-hour search. He'd never think of the places I've chosen."

"That is so," agreed Mr. Shaw. "And if he did," continued Mrs. Shaw, triumphantly, "he'd be heard going up and down stairs, knocking over bottles and things."

Unlucky Thirteen.

"No," she said, "I have fully made up my mind not to marry. I'm afraid to trust my future happiness to thirteen men."

"To thirteen men?" echoed the astonished aspirant for her heart and hand.

"Yes," she rejoined, "to a judge and a jury, you know."

Not a Lingering Fault.

"Dear George has only one fault," said the bride of three short weeks. "He is such an awful flatterer."

"That fault," rejoined her elder sister who had been up against the matrimonial game for three long years, "will gradually disappear as the honeymoon wanes."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the bride. "I was in hopes it would last forever."

Friendly Consideration.

"DeLong—I say, old man, when are you going to pay back the \$10 I let you have six months ago?"

Shortwad—Oh, in a few days. I would have paid it back long ago, only I was afraid of hurting your feelings.

DeLong—In what way?

Shortwad—I didn't want you to think I thought you needed the money.

Brilliant Scheme.

"Yes, that matrimonial bureau made a great success. It collected a lot of homely men and married them off to the most beautiful women."

"How in the world did it attract the beautiful women?"

"Easy. It just stated that it had special bargain days for husbands."

A Born Diplomat.

Mrs. Gotrox—So you wish to marry my daughter, do you?

Charlie Short—With your permission.

Mrs. Gotrox—And you are quite sure you love her for herself alone?

Charlie Short—No. I—er—cannot truthfully say that I do.

Mrs. Gotrox—What! Do you mean to tell me that you are a fortune hunter?

Charlie Short—Not at all. You see, I wish to marry her for the sake of having you for a mother-in-law as much as anything else.

His One Complaint.

"Do they treat you well here?" asked the good woman who was trying to do a little missionary work behind the bars.

"Fairly well, ma'am," answered the burglar, who was enjoying a three years' vacation. "I have only one fault to find with the treatment they hand out."

"What is that?" queried the lady visitor.

"They refuse to let me carry a night key," replied the prisoner.

Malli Makaroff, only daughter of the Russian admiral, who was drowned by the sinking of the warship *Petr*, has been chosen maid of honor to the Gzarina and to the dowager empress of Russia. Her mother, a woman of Polish origin, is a profound linguist and accomplished musician. She has dabbled in occultism and his written books and plays. At present she is engaged upon a biography of her husband.

The Polite Editor.

Caller—I have a little poem which— Editor (busily)—That gentleman over there, sir.

Caller (genially)—Is he the literary critic?

Editor (politely)—No; he's the bounder.

Just Suits Him.

Some one asked patient Job if he would like to have a job.

"There is one that would suit me," smiled the meek and patient Job.

"Which is that?" was asked.

"Why, complaint clerk in a gas of lice."

Wholesale.

"Say, Harker, are you going to the same resort this summer that you went to last summer?"

"No, there are too many bills. I received about ten thousand last summer."

"Ten thousand?"

"Yes; one hotel bill, three doctors' bills and the rest were mosquito bills."

Each Day's Supreme Event.

Every day's work should be a supreme event in every life. We should come to it as carefully prepared as the prima donna who is trying to hold the world's supremacy in song comes before her audience. Then our work would breathe out the vigor and vitality and freshness which we put into it. Then life would be glorified, and the work of the world illuminated, transformed.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

A Money-Making Scheme.

Friend—How are you doing now? Scribbler—First rate. Rev. Mr. Saintlie and I have gone into partnership. Making money hand over fist.

"Eh? How do you manage?" "I write books, and—he—denounces them."

Trials of the Fair Sex.

He—If a girl becomes a spinster after declining an offer of marriage she is apt to regret it.

She—Yes; and if she marries she is apt to regret it—so what can the poor girl do?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Modest Musician.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear.

Prof. Von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—I play accompaniments sometimes. "Accompaniments to singing?"

"Accompaniments to conversations."

He who learns by the experience of others, and never lets others learn by his, is just about as shrewd as men ever get to be in this world.

"She Laughs Best."

Bessie (meaningly)—And you didn't receive an invitation to the Swelling-ton's ball?

Tessie (evasively)—Did you?

Bessie (triumphantly)—To be sure.

Tessie (sweetly)—And whom are you going to chaperon?—Cleveland Leader.

A Friendly Tip.

Wedderly—You look worried, old man. What's the cause thereof?

Singleton (with a sigh)—Oh, several things.

Wedderly—Well, take my advice and marry one of them and let the others go. I've been there myself.

Paradoxical.

Askitt—What became of the Suicide Club that was organized in your town some years ago?

Knott—Oh, like all other fads, it died a natural death in the course of time.

Hard to Please.

He—Then I am to understand that you have given me the mitten, as it were?

She—You have said it.

He—And is this all?

She—Of course it is. What more do you want—a pair of socks?

Tickling Faddy.

"Yes, all the stores along the street put out some decoration when they heard the President would pass."

"Indeed? How about the great furniture emporium?"

"Oh, they put out a grand display of baby carriages."

Another Test.

"Is he really a great financier?"

"Well, he has piled up a billion or so of dollars. But he has never written anything for a magazine."—Washington Star.

Cause Enough.

"Thought you were at the concert to-night?"

"Just left."

"What made you leave so early?"

"The concert."—Cleveland Leader.

Professional Advice.

Tramp—Would youse give er pore man wot is starvin' somethin' to eat?

Physician—Certainly. That is the proper thing to give him under the circumstances. Two dollars, please.

Too "Bossy."

She—You don't love me as you used to. Before we were married you considered me absolutely perfect.

He—Yes, and now you're perfectly absolute."—Philadelphia Press.

A Poor Lot.

"Yes," said she thoughtfully, "my husband is the best man in the world. But," she added still more thoughtfully, "that isn't saying much."—Somerville Journal.

As Others See Us.

Algerion—It—aw—takes nine tailors to—aw—make a man, doncher know?

Jack—According to that, I suppose a dressmaker was employed in your case.

The Man Who Loves Words.

"Other folks, of course, have their poor pleasures," writes Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine, "but for a man who loves words no joy the world can give equals for him the happiness of having achieved a fine passage or a perfect line. When Thackeray struck his fist on the table, as the story goes, when he had finished the scene of Colonel Newcome's death and exclaimed, 'By God, this is genius! there was no empire he would have accepted in exchange for that moment. We often hear that your true artist is never satisfied with his work, his ideal escapes him, the words seem poor and lifeless, etc., compared with the dream. Whoever started that story knew very little about the literary temperament or he would have known that the words are the dream. The dream does not exist even as a dream or only very imperfectly till it is set down in words. Yes, the words are the dream.'"

"That was a bad attack of stage fright Miss Goodlux had," remarked the sympathetic young man. "It's a great pity."

"It is so," replied her hated rival. "It's a great pity stage fright's not fatal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Had.

"Did you ever hear anything so idiotic as that talk of Mrs. Softer's when she is addressing her baby?" queried one woman of another on the street car.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply.

"Then, for heaven's sake, what was it?"

"I once heard a fat man talking to his canary bird."

Breeding Dairy Cattle.

Dairy breeders must never lose sight of the great principle that all future development lies in the direction of holding steadfastly to two principles: Breed for the single purpose of dairy capacity and strength of constitution.

By the term "development" we do not mean so much the production of phenomenal cows as that there shall be less and less failures; a large percentage of certainty that the resulting heifers will prove profitable cows and the resulting bulls the sires of profitable cows.—New Zealand Farmer.

Ye Sympathetic Friend.

Friend—Got a cold, I see.

Jinks—Yes, a little one.

"You ought to be mighty careful. That cough needs attention."

"Think."

"It has a regular graveyard sound."

"Good heavens!"

"Awful dangerous time for people with colds—grippe, pneumonia and quick consumption everywhere."

"Eh?"

"Yes. A friend of mine took a cold, not half so bad as yours, last week, and in three days he was dead."

"My stars!"

"Fact. The doctor said my friend might have pulled through if he hadn't worried so much. Take my advice, and try not to think about it."

True to Her Promise.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "what do you do at those lodge meetings you attend twice a month?"

"You don't expect me to tell you that, do you? Our proceedings are secret."

"A man oughtn't to have any secrets from his wife. What is the password?"

"I've taken a solemn obligation never to communicate that to any outsider."

"I'm not an outsider. A man and his wife are one. You have a right to communicate it to me."

Mr. Chugwater reflected.

"Well," he said, "if I repeat the password to you once will you promise never to ask me to say it again?"

"Yes."

"And you'll never tell anybody else?"

"Never."

"Whereupon he rapidly uttered the following astonishing word:

"Magellinnellikazenalettaruxistualizabelillwinkamanakallilooleroo."

Mrs. Chugwater kept her promise. She never repeated that password to a living soul.—Chicago Tribune.

Provoked.

"Upon my word," said the surprised barber, "I see this razor has lost its temper."

"I don't blame it," growled the man in the chair. "With all your talking I lost mine long ago."

Told in Confidence.

"Does marriage really change a man?" queried the bachelor girl.

"You bet it does," answered the newly made husband. "Why, my wife's request for a new bonnet took all the change I had."

Couldn't Size 'Em Up.

Rubberton—What kind of people are our new neighbors, dear?

Mrs. Rubberton—I haven't been able to find out. They hang their wash in the attic.

The latest and most fascinating method of teaching children to read is to put them at work on a typewriter.



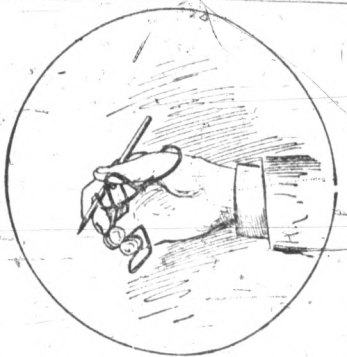
Spoon with Elbow Handle.
An interesting tidbit went round of the press last summer about an invalid who suffered several lapses occasioned by the fall of the medicine bottles and spoons on the table beside her.



IMPROVED MEDICINE SPOON.

ded, according to her ideas of neatness. The doctor declared that in her case neatness was a disease. There are many appliances for the sick room, but in a home makeshifts in most cases are made to do duty, so that neatness is difficult to attain. Nevertheless, an additional device of this character along the much-needed general introduction of little conveniences of this character. The latest newcomer is a medicine spoon, the essential feature of which is the peculiar handle, which is so designed as to engage the rim of a vessel and so support the spoon within same. This effectively takes care of sticky spoons, placing them where they can do no harm, and yet are not liable to upset the receptacle in which they are placed, an accident which frequently occurs when the handle of the spoon projects above the top of the receptacle in which it is allowed to stand. The peculiar shape of handle gives a convenient grasp for the patient or attendant in administering medicines.

Muzzle on the Fingers.
One of the most difficult tasks of the writing instructor is to teach the pupils the proper manner of holding a pen in order to insure a correct man-



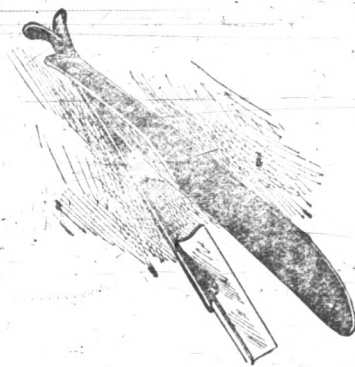
FOR TEACHING PENMANSHIP.

nipulation of the nibs. When this instruction is repeated many times daily to each individual it becomes exceedingly monotonous, so that a teacher who has just devised a mechanical guide for the fingers may in days to come be entitled to a tablet in the halls of fame. Obviously, it is not ex-

His Poor Teeth.
Customer (at cheap lunch counter)—May I ask a favor of you?
Waiter Girl—Certainly, sir.
Customer—Then please take these doughnuts back and crack them for me.—Chicago Tribune.

pected that beautiful writing can be accomplished with the hand rigidly bound and hampered as it would be with the wireform illustrated, but it is hoped that the automatic disposal of the fingers as they should be will do much to lighten the teacher's labor and eventually result in an easy and correct style of writing. The device comprises a loop for the thumb and a blank at the inner end of the loop to the end of that digit. There is a socket for the second or middle finger, and a hook to extend over the first and second fingers and a rest projecting behind the little finger, all formed of a single piece of wire. After the proper position of the hand has been acquired the device, of course, is discarded and only used occasionally to prevent the hand from drifting too far from the atomic instruction.

Interchangeable Razor Blade.
The number of devices which have been recently introduced for the convenience of the man who wants to shave himself is almost without end, and it would seem many things of this character must certainly put some of the barber establishments out of business, but the latter seem to go on increasing just the same. It often happens that a man is perfectly able to shave himself in a very satisfactory



INTERCHANGEABLE BLADE.

manner, but his difficulty may be in keeping the razor in proper condition, and if he is compelled to run to the barber's or curler's shop with the instrument every few weeks there is no advantage in the possession of the skill necessary to amputate the whiskers from his face.

The interchangeable razor blade has been devised to meet this emergency. In appearance, it looks like pretty much any other razor, but the blade end of the combination consists of two parts, the blade itself and the German silver holder. When it is desirable to substitute one blade for another the operation is very readily conducted. A spring catch releases the cutter, and it is then pushed from its lodging place.

Besides the advantage of always having a suitable blade in readiness and in good condition, this arrangement presents the addition of permitting the owner to strop his razor by a mechanical device which is used with the safety razors, but which has not heretofore been adapted for use with the old type of instrument. It also permits the reversal of the blade so that every portion of the cutting edge may come in for its share of service.

Would Drop Dead.
"Suppose a millionaire was to give you a hundred thousand dollars?"
"Well?"
"What use would it be put to?"
"You will have to ask my heirs."—Houston Post.

BOWLDER AS A MONUMENT.

Chicago Memorial to Dr. Guthrie, the Discoverer of Chloroform.

After an exhaustive inquiry involving much research work, including the examination of the original records procured from Yale University, the Chicago Medical Society decided that the honor of being the discoverer of



GRANITE BOWLDER MONUMENT.

chloroform must be accorded to Dr. Samuel Guthrie, of Sacket Harbor, a pretty hamlet on the shores of Lake Erie, near Watertown, N. Y. Prior to the conclusion of the society's investi-

gation Dr. John B. Murphy announced that he would donate \$500 for a Chicago monument to Dr. Guthrie if the investigating committee of medical men should find that to the American chemist, rather than to either Professor Liebig or Professor Soubeiran, belonged the honor of being the discoverer of the greatest of all anaesthetics. The picture shows the proposed monument, a huge boulder of granite found near Worth, Ill., and which geologists say was brought to the Desplaines valley from the Washara regions of Wisconsin in the great deluge of the ice age. Beside the boulder to the left is shown Ossian Guthrie and to the right Wardell Guthrie, distinguished citizens of Chicago and grandsons of the discoverer of the drug which revolutionized medical science.

A Biographical Dictionary.

One of the most helpful books to keep upon your table, ready to be consulted as you read other books, is a biographical dictionary. Then, when you come to some historical character about whom your knowledge is a little faded, it will require but a moment to refresh your memory and make your reading more intelligent. You have a right to the acquaintance of these distinguished men and women, and should keep up at least friendly relations with them, if for no other reason than in gratitude for what they have done to make your life pleasant.—St. Nicholas.

Liquor in Horse Collars.

The newest thing in "bootlegging" in Indian Territory has been brought to light and has created great surprise, even among the old officials of the territory. The scheme is a good one and has been worked successfully for several months.

At a grading camp near Davis it was generally known that "booze" could be had, but no one seemed willing to tell where they got it. An officer was sent there to locate the guilty party. It was noticed that on certain days one of the teamsters would make a trip to Gainesville, Tex., and would always take on each arm a long pair of horse collars. At first this did not create suspicion. The team used was a big one and the collars appeared to require mending.

Immediately following his return to camp the officer noticed more or less gayety and loud talk in every tent throughout the camp. During the day he would keep close lookout for bottles, etc. Nothing of the sort could be found, although there was "booze" in evidence. Finally the officer noticed one day this man who drove a large team and frequently took a pair of horse collars with him to Gainesville remove one of the collars and carry it to the river bank near by. He also noticed several other workmen down there.

This gave the officer his clew and the "jig was up." Upon examination it was found that each collar was only a shell and inside there was room enough to hold more than two gallons of whisky. When the man was arrested he told of quite a number of similar cases and the new game of "bootlegging" was exposed.—Kansas City Journal.

The Profit in It.

The greatest profit that comes from the sale of women's clothes may be understood from the way in which every shop embarking in this industry ultimately yields to its attractions. When haphazarders begin to make waists for women they usually end by giving up their original business altogether. The same things happens when men's clothing stores add a women's branch to their enterprises.

"It's the increased profit that causes the change," said a merchant who had passed through it himself. "We soon see that we can get much better prices from the articles we make for women, though the outlay is the same. Greater profit lies always in dress for women."

London Buys Water.

At a time when the Ramapo plot-ter are laying plans to put New York in servitude to a private water supply, London has just bought out her eight private companies, says the New York World.

The oldest of these companies dates back to 1566. King James was a half shareholder. Most of the present supply comes from the dirty Thames.

The city's first care will be to purify the Thames supply by settling basins, perhaps by gigantic plants of filtration. Meanwhile, it is debating where to go for a "permanent" supply. It will in the end go to Wales or Westmoreland for water—in the former and more likely case a distance of 150 miles.

The private companies have given London one-tenth as much water per person as ancient Rome possessed. One of them, the East London Company, served foul river water to the poorest inhabitants. This caused cholera in 1867; in recent years its supply broke down almost altogether.

The companies demanded \$300,000,000 for their properties and franchises, the latter being the most valuable. They got \$200,000,000.

Dust Spraying.

This method of spraying fruit trees has been practiced for several years by Western orchardists with success. This season an apple orchard in Batavia, N. Y., has been treated by the application of dry sand and the usual chemicals with remarkable success. The apples of various kinds are remarkably free from fungus or other defects. This so-called spray is composed of sand with the same ingredients used in water. The sand is thrown by a current of air upon the foliage of the trees when they are wet with dew. My opinion is that this method would be more successful in a dry season than a wet one and in a dry State like Missouri than a wet State like New York. The opinion is that it would wash off sooner than the usual water spray, but there is no proof of this.

Starting Him Aright.

"Permit me," said the gallant youth, "to kiss your hand."
"None of that for me, thank you," replied the fair maid.
"Why not, pray?" he asked in surprise.
"Because," she answered, "I have no use for a man who has no higher aim in life than that."
And, to the young man's credit be it said, he took the hint and aimed a little higher.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

F. J. McIntyre purchased this week of Laura E. Lyon two lots on J street, between Fifth and Sixth.

Mrs. I. C. Strong, who has been ill with rheumatism for so long and who is now at the Glendale Sanitarium, is reported some better.

H. C. Cromeenes of Redlands was in Glendale Saturday last looking for a location to build a home. He wants to buy a 2-acre place.

Mrs. Ruess of Los Angeles was in Glendale the early part of the week in quest of a suitable location for a home.

Rev. Norton will preach on Sabbath morning on "Seeing the Unseen." In the evening the subject will be, "Conditions in Which There Is No Condemnation."

F. J. Mills of Phoenix, Ariz., was in Glendale on Wednesday of this week. Mr. Mills says it is the hottest time of the year now in his city, and regrets very much that he cannot remain here several weeks.

The pastor and congregation of the M. E. church wish to publicly thank Mr. Chas. A. Weidenfeller for his kindness in giving the entertaining musical program on Friday evening last, which was so profitable.

The usual number of Glendaleites swelled the crowds at the various beaches Sunday last. A trip for a day away from home gives one new hope and fresh ideas, you know.

Mrs. M. L. Hackman, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, has so far recovered as to be able to walk about again. Mrs. Hackman's many friends will be very glad to hear of her early recovery and hope that she may soon be able to resume her duties as postmistress.

On August 6th will be observed the Holy Communion of our Lord at the M. E. services. It is hoped that the entire membership may be present, to do as the blessed Master has commanded, "Do This in Remembrance of Me."

Mr. Dominy, a cement contractor of Los Angeles, who purchased two lots in "Lomita Park" addition to Glendale when that beautiful tract was put upon the market January last, has erected temporary quarters on his lots and moved his family here. Mr. Dominy is putting up a very neat bungalow, to cost in the neighborhood of \$1200, facing Brand Boulevard, and when completed will add materially to the attractiveness of this popular addition to Glendale.

Last Sabbath was "flower day" and the pastor at the Methodist services preached to an appreciative congregation on "Considering the Lillies." The music was splendid. The E. L. meeting was lead by Miss May Blackburn. Her words were well chosen and the spirit of the meeting was in harmony with that of the leader. All felt that it was good to have been at the meeting.

The stockholders of the Verdugo Pipe and Reservoir Company held a special meeting on the night of July 14 to consider and act upon a proposition to issue bonds in the sum of \$10,000. The subject was thoroughly discussed by the members of the corporation who were present, and the resolution authorizing said bond issue was defeated by the decisive vote of 251 1/2 in favor of and 704 1/2 against the proposition.

W. F. Hughes of Los Angeles was in Glendale the early part of the week in the interest of the Superior Light and Heat Company of Los Angeles. Mr. Hughes was looking over the field with a view of installing an Acetylene Light generating plant in this place, and expects to return to Glendale again some time next week and make a thorough canvass of the feasibility of such an undertaking here. It looks as though there would be "light" in Glendale whether or no.

Rev. Norton expects to start on his vacation August 7th, and will visit his mother at Washington, Iowa, and also a number of the different churches he has served during a ministry of 31 years in the Iowa conference. During his absence services will be conducted by a number of pastors, who have kindly volunteered their services. On Tuesday of this week Mr. Norton and family were guests at the home of Miss Maud Blank in the city. On Wednesday they were with a company of Iowa friends at Long Beach.

AT REST.

On August 14 Raymond Guy Mills Died at His Home in Glendale.

On August 14, at about the noon hour, a bright and hopeful life went out from conditions of suffering and from the midst of a beautiful home life to the bright beyond, from whence none ever return. For two weeks the life of Raymond Guy Mills had been despaired of. Everything that medical science and skilled nursing could do was resorted to, together with the love of dear hearts in the home, that held on with a fond hope that he might be spared to them and amid earnest prayers for his recovery.

At last, when the sun had reached its zenith of a golden California day and ere he had reached the full vigor of manhood, his spirit took its departure to the God who gave it.

Ray was born in Los Angeles on May 9, 1888, where he spent his happy childhood days and attended the public school. He was thrown in touch with those influences that were calculated to develop a pure and noble life.

In February, 1904, he came with his parents to Glendale, where he had resided up to the time of his death in the enjoyment of a most beautiful home life.

On the sad occasion of his funeral, which was very largely attended by sympathizing friends in respect to his memory and in love for the dear ones of the departed who felt so keenly the loss they had sustained, and in the midst of a great profusion of flowers, Rev. Norton spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing ones left behind and bade us all to put our faith in the life to come. Six young men, Ray's special friends, acted as pall-bearers and his body was interred in the West Glendale cemetery.

A PROFITABLE CROP.

Mr. J. P. Lukens, who owns 20 acres that lies on Verdugo Road and Third street and which is set to oranges and lemons, is certainly realizing a handsome return from his lemon orchard this season. Mr. Lukens is now picking the third crop from his lemon trees since February. The first two pickings amounted to over 100 tons, and he received \$20 per ton for his lemons. The crop he is now gathering will hardly be as large as the former two, but will bring a neat profit, nevertheless. The lemon industry is one of the most profitable in this valley and the fruit grows to perfection here.

A Grand View.

To fully appreciate the beauty of Glendale, Verdugo and Tropic, one should get a view of these places from the home place of Mr. Wells, in the Verdugo district. The writer, through the courtesy of F. W. McIntyre, enjoyed the privilege of viewing these places from Mr. Wells' yard Tuesday of this week. If any of our citizens have prospective purchasers for property in this section, they will do well to give them an opportunity of seeing this valley from Mr. Wells' place. It will take only one visit to this beautiful place to convince the most skeptical that for value in orchards and berry culture and beauty of scenery, this section cannot be surpassed. Mr. Wells certainly could not have selected a more beautiful spot on which to build a home.

J. C. SHERER

NOTARY PUBLIC

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H. E. GULVIN

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I make a specialty of all kinds of Orchard Work. Pruning, Irrigating, etc. Twelve Years' Experience in Glendale Valley. Five Years Zanjaro for Independent Water Co. All information regarding Irrigation Water gladly given. Strict attention given.

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Family Washing at Reduced Rates. All Work Guaranteed First-Class.

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Glendale Avenue and Third St., Glendale. All kinds of fresh and salted meats always on hand. Home phone 341.

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Acreage, Ranches, Houses Lots. Anything you want. Eastern property to exchange for California, and city for Glendale.

BLACKBURN

Glendale Ave., between Third and Fourth. Phone 323

New

Furniture Store

W. J. Jones has just installed a stock of chairs, rockers, dressers, library and parlor tables, reed and rattan goods at City Prices. He also runs a

Real Estate & Rental Agency

Acreage, home sites, business property. Home Phone 333.

Also home-made ice cream, summer drinks, candies, lunches. Agt. Interurban Ry. Busses on sale. Cor. Glendale and Fourth Sts.

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RIGS AT ALL HOURS
WITH OR WITHOUT
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AGENCIES:---

WELLS FARGO

GERMAN NATIONAL INSURANCE

REAL ESTATE

AN ASSOCIATION

Finally Formed After Many Efforts
On the Part of Growers.

In the winter of 1894 the strawberry interest in this valley was becoming so great that it was thought advisable to form a mutual strawberry association. After two or three preliminary meetings, to get the idea before the growers, a committee of five, consisting of E. L. Borthick, Dwight Griswold, H. Brewster, E. J. Leavitt and Wilmot Parcher, were appointed to draft articles of incorporation and by-laws. A meeting for that purpose was held at the home of Mr. Brewster in Tropico, about the first of March of the same year, all the committee being present.

A called meeting was then held at Richardson's hall, Tropico, on the 19th day of March, for the purpose of considering the articles of incorporation and by-laws, signing the same, and forming themselves into a permanent organization. At that meeting one hundred and ninety-three acres were signed up. The following were chosen and elected as directors for one year: J. Q. Adams of Eagle Rock, Dwight Griswold, W. O. Borthick, E. H. Learned of Tropico, and Wilmot Parcher of Glendale. Wilmot Parcher was made president, and G. H. Hopkins secretary.

In getting the association established on a good running basis, there were many matters of detail to work out. The best way to dispose of the crop; the best method to get them to market, etc.

The first year it was deemed advisable to retain ten per cent from the sale of the berries, for the purpose of paying all expenses in the handling and sale of the same. A contract was made with E. H. Learned to haul all of the berries to market at two and one-half cents a case.

At the close of the first year the result was so gratifying the sales having netted, on the average throughout the valley, five and one-half cents per basket to the grower—that many more acres were immediately subscribed, the association starting the second year with over three hundred acres.

Experience, always being a good teacher, many things were learned and taken advantage of in starting out on the second year, such as transportation, buying of the baskets, crates, etc., which has been of material benefit to the grower, viz.: By purchasing two and one-half millions of baskets the association is able to deliver the same to the grower at four dollars and ten cents a thousand, while those outside of the association are paying four dollars and thirty-five cents per thousand for the same kind of basket. A like proportion could be mentioned in the saving in price of the crates. At a glance one can see the difference between the old and the new way.

Take for instance a hundred people,

each going into the city every day with their berries, and every one anxious to sell and return home. Many selling at "any old price," say nothing about the time and cost to each individual; whereas, the association takes them off their hands at the loading into the cars, almost at their own door, and pays all expenses thereafter, establishes a market and a market price, and maintains that price by putting the surplus into the cannery at a contract price that a single individual could not get. The loss between the market price and the cannery price being prorated so that no one grower has to stand the whole loss, even should his whole pick for that day go to the cannery.

The regular commission rates for selling vegetables and berries is ten per cent, besides the cost of getting them to market. This year the association only charge eight per cent and takes the fruit at the car, pays its own transportation, and, in other words, pays all expenses, whatever they may be, out of the eight per cent, and hopes to have some surplus left to prorate back to each grower belonging to the association. As that output becomes greater year by year, it is manifestly evident that the business can be done even at a less per cent than now.

A few years ago, when there was about sixty-five acres of berries, the cry went up, "Overdone!" "Overdone!" but every year the demand has kept pace with the supply, and the output has become greater and greater for the celebrated "Tropico Beauty," and evidences are at hand that next year will see a large increase in acreage over this year.

Many people have no idea of the amount of berries sold from this section. Up to July 1st the association had sold two million two hundred and forty thousand baskets, aggregating nearly one hundred and forty thousand dollars worth, and all practically picked since the first day of April—over forty-six thousand dollars a month. A pretty good showing for this valley. It has required over six hundred laborers to do the picking.

In connection with the association, the matter is now being discussed as to the advisability of establishing a cannery to take care of the surplus, thereby keeping the money at home and maintaining a better market price. A good thought, and one the growers will do well to consider.

The board of directors for the present year are: W. O. Borthick, president; Wilmot Parcher, secretary; D. Griswold, H. Brewster and E. H. Learned.

Any information as to the working and results of the association will be most cheerfully given by any one of the above.

Mr. Walton, who lives on a Central avenue, is preparing ground for the construction of a new, modern cottage on Fourth street, between I and J.

GLENDALE AVENUE

Undergoing Much Needed Improvement, and When the Salt Lake Track Is Brought Flush With the Street Will be a Handsome Avenue.

Following closely upon the meeting of the Glendale Improvement Society, work was commenced on grading Glendale avenue. This work should continue the entire length of the avenue, and no doubt will. The avenue should also be oiled its entire length. If the oil can not be secured at this time, the grading can be finished, at least.

While this work is in progress the matter of making the railroad track level with the street should be looked into. We understand that the Salt Lake company's franchise was granted with the understanding that the company would put their track in such condition that vehicles could cross at any place along Glendale avenue without inconvenience. In other words, the company agreed to make the track level with the street at any time the people should desire it. The time seems ripe for the people to make this request, and it should not be delayed but acted upon at once.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Courtney is putting up a neat, modern cottage on Ninth st., near A.

Rev. Elmer K. Fisher will occupy the pulpit of Calvary Baptist Church next Sunday, both at the morning and evening services.

W. R. Simpson is perfecting plans for the construction of a modern cottage at the corner of Fourth and J streets.

The Harwood place on Third street, east of the Verdugo road, was sold the early part of the week to H. S. Bulkley; the consideration named being \$50,000. This is quite an extensive and very valuable property, and Mr. Bulkley certainly got a bargain in this deal.

Capt. Thom has just completed sinking a well north of Verdugo Springs Water Company's reservoir, and contemplates sinking another one adjoining the reservoir. This is being done, presumably, to insure an adequate supply for the increase in demand for water, as the country becomes more densely populated.

The Verdugo Springs Water Company's supply is said to be much greater and better than it has been during the past five years. The number of consumers has increased to over one hundred and ten, and the supply is more than sufficient to meet the demand, both for domestic and irrigation purposes.

A certificate of membership to the Massachusetts Medical Society, belonging to Charles Burleigh, was picked up on the Salt Lake tracks on Thursday morning. Owner can have same by calling at this office.

Mr. Nichols has commenced the construction of a modern cottage on Seventh street, just west of A.

The Church of England Sunday School of Glendale picnicked at East Lake Park on Wednesday, and those in attendance report a very enjoyable time.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend the church services at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday, and give a hearty welcome to the new pastor.

Rev. and Mrs. S. Lawrence Ward of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived Thursday. Mr. Ward takes up the work in the Presbyterian Church.

The services at the Cavalry Baptist Church during the coming week are as follows: Sunday school, 10 a. m. Preaching—morning, 11 a. m.; evening, 7:45. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:45.

John Bidden, a prominent lumberman of Horicon, Wis., an old friend of J. F. McIntyre, was in Glendale Wednesday. Mr. Bidden stopped off on his way to the Portland Exposition to see his friend.

J. W. Handy and family of Bishop, Inyo county, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jones. Mr. Handy is Mrs. Jones' brother. He is an attorney, and is looking for a location for a home, and thinks Glendale is about the place for him. After visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Jones for a few days, Mr. Handy and family will leave for Portland to take in the Lewis & Clark Exposition.

Electric Lights.

THE NEWS has it from reliable authority that a step-down will be put in for the Brand Boulevard tract, and that electric lights will be supplied for that section just as soon as the work can be done. What's the matter with this whole section getting in on this lighting project?

A Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mills wish to publicly thank all those who so kindly sympathized with them in their sad bereavement, and also for sending the beautiful flowers.

MR. and MRS. MILLS
and family.

TROPICO POSTOFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE AND DEPART.

South bound	9:00 A. M.
"	11:10 "
North bound	9:00 "
"	4:20 P. M.
"	5:30 "
MAILS-CLOSED.	
North bound	6:20 A. M.
"	3:40 P. M.
"	4:50 "
South bound	6:20 A. M.
"	10:20 "

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